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MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

JUDITH BENSADDI.

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

SOMETIMES a single incident at the outset of a man's career, may determine the course and color of his after life. He may find himself placed, unexpectedly, in such critical circumstances, by a decision which cannot be delayed, he has the prospect of making, yet the apprehension of marling, his fortune during life.

An unlooked-for tide in his affairs may seem ready to bear him away to the islands of the happy; but he fears by the way some hidden rocks and quicksands by which all his hopes are in danger of being wrecked and engulfed forever. He stands upon the shore in trembling perplexity, strongly tempted yet afraid to embark. The tide of fortune begins to ebb; warning him that time and tide wait for no man; and that procrastination will be the death of opportunity. He still hesitates, painfully suspended between the attractions of hope and the repulsive suggestions of fear. The tide is gone; the happy opportunity has fled; he discovers too late, that the danger was imaginary and the offered good inestimable. Then does he bewail his indecision, and reproach himself though life for the neglect of that golden opportunity. A bright lovely object had, like a heavenly meteor, flashed upon his sight, and kindled his feelings to a glow. As it shone upon his enraptured vision, it invited him over the waters to its region of felicity; but when he delayed to answer the call, it vanished forever from his sight, and left him weeping upon the desolate shore. His only consolation was, that the result, though unfortunate, was not fatal, and still left open to him the humble path of exertion and the ordinary prospects of life, to which he had formerly looked. Reflection teaches him the salutary lesson, that the accidental opportunity was an act of Divine providence, throwing rare circumstances into conjunction, to show man that his way is not in himself; and that his own conduct in so extraordinary a case, is evidence of weakness and futility, which should humble him beneath the mighty hand that sways the destiny of man.

Such a critical tide of fortune once occurred in the affairs of my life. It gave occasion to these reflections; and was of so rare and striking a character, as to make a story somewhat interesting and instructive. I proceed to record it, not only for the entertainment, but the admonition of the young reader; who should learn from it to act promptly as well as prudently, in critical conjunctures, and never to indulge any feelings in regard to human affairs to such excess as to disqualify himself for the exercise of a cool and dispassionate judgement. This is the lesson which I would now teach him, from the most affecting portion of all my experiences.

CHAPTER II.

I was born and educated in Rockridge, a country that lies in the great valley of Virginia, and derives its name from that famous curiosity the Natural Bridge. My parents were respectable, but in such moderate circumstances, that they could afford me nothing more than a good education. Our residence was on the North River side, near Lexington, the seat of Washington College, an institution which has never made an ostentatious display of its claims to public notice, but which has nevertheless produced a large number of good scholars and excellent men. Here, of course, I pursued my liberal studies. We lived so near the village that I could attend all its schools without boarding away from home. This prevented in my case, what often happens in others, a breach of domestic attachments by early absence and long association with scenes and persons at a distance from the parental domain. All my pleasures during the freshness and ardor of youth, were associated with home and kindred and the beautiful scenery of my birthplace.

Having by years of diligent application, obtained a distinguished place among the graduates of my college, which does not bestow its honors with a lavish hand, I took myself ambitiously, and I may add, successfully, to a course of professional studies, under a learned gentleman of the village, whose office I frequently visited while I kept my lodgings at home. My industry was the more energetic, because my worldly hopes depended on my personal exertions; and I was resolved to make up for my want of fortune by mental accomplishments and professional ability. Before I had finished the extensive task allotted to myself, I suffered a disheartening check upon my exertions. Excessive application to books, gradually brought on me the symptoms of a consumption—the penalty often paid for literary ambition. Still, though aware of danger, I was loth to quit my books. But the frequent cough and the hectic spot on a pale cheek, alarmed my

friends so much that they called in a physician to aid them with his authority in persuading me to desist. His warning voice added to their anxious remonstrances, at length overcame my reluctance to quench the lamp of study; yet I did reluctantly seen when I knew the persistence would extinguish the lamp of life; so treacherous a guide is even the noblest passion, and so needful of control. I consented, however, to fly from the sharp air of the mountains and to spend the approaching winter in the warm plains of the South. I promised also to abstain from all study, and to apply myself wholly to the social pleasures and amusements, which might cheer my drooping spirits and promote the restoration of my health.

When the chill winds of November admonished me to depart, I prepared to travel along on horseback. My simple preparations being soon completed, I bade a sorrowful adieu to my friends and to the homestead of my youth, where every object was pleasant and dear to my soul. Never had I felt so melancholy. My previous absences from home had been only short excursions for amusement; my local attachments were strong and unbroken; my little circle of kindred and friends were nearly all the world to me. My journey was a solitary one to a strange land; my disease I knew to be always insidious & often fatal. I was subjected constitutionally to fits of mental dejection. How could I be otherwise than sad? I was in fact plunged into the deepest gulf of despondency. When I reached the top of the Blue Ridge, a lonely fugitive from home, breathing short from obstructed lungs, going far away for the first time, to live and not improbably, to die among strangers, I turned to take what might be my last look over the woody hills and the cedar cliffs, that bent the river bold round my paternal home. I saw the smoke in bluish wreaths ascending from the peaceful nook. I began to weep—yes, though a man grown, I wept like a child when I waved my hand to bid the unutterable adieu to my native land, and turned my horse's head down the southern declivity of the mountain.

I pursued my journey moping and sometimes despairing, but occasionally interested, and the more so as I went farther on, with the new scenes through which I passed, and the new aspects of human life that occurred to my observation. I arrived safely, though still in low health and spirits, at a village near the Savannah river, where I purposed to sojourn during the winter. The location was suitable in every respect; the climate was mild, the society good, and one of my former college mates was the most popular physician in the place. By him I was soon introduced into some of the most agreeable families in the town and neighborhood. Now I learned from experience, what I had heard from the reports of travellers, how engaging are the charms of southern hospitality. My case seemed to excite so much sympathy among these benevolent strangers, as if I had been of their own flesh and blood. They ministered to my diseased mind a thousand delicate and consoling attentions. My rustic backwardness in strange company was quickly subdued by their easy and open simplicity of manners—that true politeness which is not an imitation of conventional forms, but an agreeable manifestation of kind feelings. New scenes, cheerful conversation, pleasant rides in the soft winter air, and all the nameless appliances of watchful benevolence to a drooping invalid, soon turned the ebb of my health and spirits into a reviving flow. My appetite was restored, my cough ceased, my respirations became free, the purple tinge of health revisited my cheek, and all the world again brightened around me; the enjoyment of mixed society, had completely tipped a new fountain of pleasure in my soul; and the stream that flowed from it, if not so deep as some others was yet so sweet and sparkling, that I was resolved no more to neglect its pleasant entertainments. My new circle of hospitable friends had gained such a hold upon my affections, that I felt much less than I had anticipated, the weariness of a long absence from home. But still I did not forget my dear native mountains. In the solitude of my chamber, I often longed for their whispering shades and mossy rivulets; but I could bear my absence without repining now because I hoped, ere long, to see them again, as I had often seen them with delight, raising their green heads aloft in the verdant air, and bathing them in the cerulean light of heaven.

CHAPTER III.

To confirm my health and to enlarge my scanty knowledge of the world, I resolved to visit Charleston on my way home, and thence to take a sea-voyage round to the Chesapeake. Accordingly, when spring began to smile over the woods and fields, I bade my southern friends an affectionate farewell, and took a seat in Charleston stage, which left the village two hours before sun-rise. I found two other passengers within, but discovering by starlight only, that they were a man and a woman, I said nothing to them, and they said nothing to me, until day-light. We seemed on both sides, to feel a diffidence of venturing to address a stranger in the dark, when we could not see even the color of his face.—They once in a while spoke a few words to each other in a low and remarkably sweet tone of voice. This awakened in me a curiosity to see what manner of persons they were, whose half-whispered words sounded musically. When the dawn began to disclose the personal appearance of my fellow travellers, I was struck with their beauty. They were evidently brother and sister; the one being a masculine likeness of the other. They were in the bloom of youth, with complexions between brown and fair, raven black locks, and eyes moderately large, not quite jetty black, but star-bright interpreters of intellect and feel-

ing. Their faces were roundish oval, all the features in just proportion, and the expression of the whole vivacious and benign. In person, they were well shaped, the limbs plump and rounded, their stature of the middle height, and the body inclining to fulness. Nothing else in their personal appearance struck me as remarkable until I saw them walk, and then I noticed an easy and graceful agility of movement, indicating muscular elasticity, sprightliness of mind, and, as I thought, a cultivated taste.

The young lady struck me at once, and indeed at all times, as the most beautiful gem of humanity that I had ever seen. At first I considered her, but rather doubtfully, as a brunette—a sweet pretty blonde—but when I looked at her in the open air, and the full light of day, the ebony black of her flowing hair and the mild black of her strumous eyes, contrasted so strongly with the delicate hue of her complexion, that I pronounced her so fair as to be only florid. I endeavored to criticize every part of her person and features—but, except what I have mentioned, I discovered nothing in the superlative degree—her round forehead was not very round; her nose had no very marked character; her mouth was neither wider nor narrower than common; her lips neither thick nor thin. The only striking circumstance about her mouth, was a sort of tremulous vivacity of muscle, ready to catch and to express the slightest movements of the soul. As to her chin and cheeks, I could not say that they were or were not dimpled; for the play of her features made dimples appear and vanish alternately.—Nor could I call her neck long and arched, as the necks of beauties are usually described—this young lady's was neither long nor short, though it tapered a little. Her foot was not very small, not a withered Chinese foot, but in good proportion to the person which it had to support. As to other first appearances, my fellow passengers were gently but not showily dressed, and had all the air of good breeding.

We soon dismissed all caution and reserve. We commenced conversation, and in a short time understood one another so well, as to feel assured that nothing would be said or taken amiss; so we poured ourselves forth without measure, and were soon flowing on with a full current of loquacity. My fellow passengers delighted me more than strangers had ever done—their speech was so intellectual, yet so modest—was set off with such a sparkling vivacity, yet with such a kindness of manner, that it raised in me the highest tide of social animation that I had experienced since my melancholy departure from home, or perhaps the highest that I had ever experienced.

But who were my new acquaintances? I had a great desire to know, but not the impertinence to ask. They spoke English with the perfect ease and idiom of well-educated natives of England or America, but in their persons differed from my notion of the anglo-saxon race. The course of our conversation, however, soon led us to speak of the people of different countries. I alluded to my Virginia mountaineers—they, to their fellow cockneys, and to London as their native city. Their name, Bensaddi, soon afterwards mentioned, sounded in my ears like an Italian name; and I shrewdly conjectured that their dark eyes and hair, with their brumotish complexion, were due to the influence of an Italian, perhaps of a Sicilian sun, upon their ancestors.

I was now curious to know the object and course of their travels. As if he had perceived my curiosity on the subject, the open-hearted young gentleman took occasion to tell me the following particulars. The father having some business with a planter in the West Indies, had sent his son to attend to it; the sister took a fancy to accompany him, and had, after much pleading, obtained their father's consent, that she might see the curiosities of nature in the torrid zone, and the "black man in the miseries of West Indian bondage, and the white man in the highest state of freedom, as he is in your happy country," said the young gentleman, politely.

Miss Bensaddi sees men in the extremes of slavery and freedom here," said I, candidly. "Not so far gone in the dark extreme of slavery," said he, "for West Indian bondage is worse than yours; though I confess that the mildest form of slavery is a degradation bitter to the feelings of mankind."

"Yes, sir, to us it would be intolerably galling, because we have the birth-right and the sentiment of freedom. But happily for the poor negroes, they have not known the state of freedom, nor imbibed its sentiments; hence they are not aggrieved by a sense of degradation and wrong.—Born to slavery, they grow up with minds conformable to their condition, and rarely, if left to themselves, brood over the hardships of their lot; but finding their parents, themselves, and nearly all their race placed in it by Divine Providence, their only thought is to make the best of their condition which is not without its comforts and advantages."

"True, sir, you have accounted for a fact, which is little known in England, and which both surprised and gratified us, when we observed it in America. The slaves, in general, seem to be as contented and merry a set of beings as any in the world. They laugh, and sing, and dance, not to "drive dull care away," for dull care seems never to visit them: they seem to think, as they themselves belong to their master, he is bound to take their cares into the bargain; so they throw the vexations back upon his shoulders, and leap for very lightness of heart at their deliverance."

"Now brother, (said the young lady, playfully,) did not I tell you when we left Savannah, that if you stay much longer among these merry slaves, you would renounce abolitionism and defend

slavery as the best condition of poor laborers.—dilate with swelling emotions, and all her features to express the glowing fervor of tho', I began to expect from her a lofty outpouring of soul; and would probably have been gratified if the coach had not stopped at the breakfast house so soon, and turned the bold current of our conversation into the shallow and discursive channels of small talk.

I need not say that I was highly pleased with my fellow travellers. The subject of our last conversation was a serious one, but well adapted to draw forth their moral sentiments and to try the strength of their reflective powers.

I have attempted to give the thoughts which they uttered, and to imitate their style of expression—but there was an indescribable something in their manner, especially the sister's, which gave an extraordinary interest to their conversation. The brother's language was peculiarly witty and amusing, and withal very sensible; but when Judith spoke—the soft melody of her voice, and after she became excited, its lively intonations—the kindling lustre of her eyes, the play of her expressive features, with the winning modes of her manner, and the undeniably eloquence of both her manner and her style—made all that she said go warm and animating to the heart; as if an ethereal fire had penetrated to the sources of animation and given an exhilarating impulse to all the principles of life.

"Not yet, my sister. You have made an ingenious web of my argument, and thrown it dexterously over my own head: but you have not so fastened the loopholes, but that I might escape its entanglements. Every thing that has length and breadth has two sides, you know. So has slavery, and so has free labor. I turned up the bright side of slavery, and you showed the dark side of free labor. The contrast was strikingly advantageous to slavery—so you clapped, without further ceremony, this inference upon me, as the conclusion of the whole matter. That was not fair—it was, sir?"

"You need not appeal, brother, for I acknowledge that I was too hasty. But, sir, (said she, addressing me) we are sincerely gratified at one result of our observations thus far in America.—We have discovered that negro slavery is not on all sides so dark and doleful as we had imagined. It has, indeed, some cheerful sunny spots, delightful to look upon. Brother, tell Mr. Garamendi of the pleasant scenes that we witnessed at Col. P.—'s, where we saw the negro wedding.—That sight would have convinced any one that slaves might be happy in their slavery. It was an example in point—or what I have heard Dr. Magruder call, anocular demonstration. Do tell it, brother."

"Tell it yourself, Judith, for you enjoyed the sight fully as much as I did, and you probably remember the circumstances better." A slight tinge of rose-colored modesty suffused her cheek, as she hesitated moment to answer.

"Well, sir, an impudent sketch is an impudent—We went by invitation to the hospitable mansion of Col. P.— On approaching the house we observed a large party of slaves, before one of the quarters, by the yard fence, and were struck with their tidy apparel and joyous looks. Seeing us regard them with interest, Col. P.— remarked they were to have a wedding among them that evening. When we expressed our pleasure at their appearance, and our curiosity to observe their manners & customs, he told us that we could have the opportunity of witnessing the whole affair, if we pleased, as some of his family always attended their marriage ceremonies; and that we could look in upon their supper and ball, after the ceremony was over. We gladly embraced the offer, and were much gratified with more than the novelty of the sight. These slaves had more comfortable accommodations and were more civilized than the West India slaves; and we thought, more also than the generality of slaves that we had seen in this country. The reason was, that they had an excellent master. I never anywhere saw so gladsome a wedding party. There was, of course, nothing elegant or refined—but there was enough of finery in their dresses indeed, a profusion of gay colors and flaunting ribbons, and gewgaws in their bushy curls; with all which their simple fancies were mightily pleased.

I was, myself, exceedingly gratified with the full hearted joy that sprang up in them, and sprang out of them too, when the fiddle and the dance gave free vent to the fountains of feeling within them. Merry jests started forth every instant, and joyful laughter burst in claps of delight from their souls. We looked through window upon this scene of harmless mirth and joy, that gushed light and free from the hearts of nature's children; and we could but consider these outpourings of pleasure as a reward—if not a full one, still a real reward—bestowed peculiarly on them for their submissive toil at a master's bidding;—and while I looked and reflected on what I saw, I felt a strange mixture of emotions; tears trickled down my face—for what I could not tell—they might be tears of joy or tears of compassion, or both together—and while the tears came, I sometimes found myself laughing—but whether out of diversion at their oddities or out of sympathy with their merit, I do not know; for I seemed to have all sorts of incongruous feelings at the same time.

"I thought," (continued the young lady, wiping her eyes) "that next to the blessing of good parents to take care of us in childhood, was the blessing which poor ignorant laborers have in a good master to direct their labors, and take care of all their interests."

"Now sister, (said the young gentleman, smiling, with a tear in his eye) do you not see that you have become an advocate of slavery—quite a plodder, and as earnest in the cause as a feed self-righteous!"

"If I am earnest, you must observe, brother Bill, that I am pleading only in a particular case—and if I advocate slavery, it is only in such cases as the one which I have described."

During this conversation, my fair companion had gradually acquired a spirit and energy of expression, of which we all partook, but which in her bordered on the impassioned eloquence of enthusiasm. Her delicate frame had begun to

have not a single acquaintance higher than Boston.

To meet with a companion every way agreeable is very gratifying to a land traveller, and particularly so to a voyager. One who has travelled much feels this pleasure the more sensibly, because he has been annoyed with accidental companionships, which not only plague him for an hour, but stick and grow to him like barnacles and make heavy sailing for the poor wight, whether it be on land or water. I am the more inclined, therefore, to stick like a barnacle myself, when I fall in with a choice companion. I wish your route coincided with ours all the way."

"I wish so too, Mr. Bensaddi; but my route from Norfolk leads me westward to Richmond, & thence still westward to my home in the mountains. I should be much pleased if your curiosity led you to visit my native valley—its scenery is fine, and well worthy of a traveller's attention."

"I should delight to visit the Natural Bridge, (said Judith, with kindling eyes.) Is that near your residence?"

"Within fifteen miles; and that single object would reward a trip to the mountains."

"Writers describe it as great curiosity; but I have a very imperfect conception of it."

"Turning to her brother, she said, 'Oh brother! how can we leave the continent, where such an object may be seen, and not go to enjoy the sight? I would cheerfully travel a thousand miles to see that bridge, so grand, so beautiful.—Nature's sole specimen of divine art in the construction of a bridge. Is it not, Mr. Garamendi? Or does the world contain another?'

"I think you are right, Miss Bensaddi; though Humboldt describes a natural bridge in the Andes; but it is not like ours. There is a solid arch, but very inferior, and also a broken arch composed of loose rocks, which by a rare accident in falling down a deep narrow chasm, got wedged together and continued firmly lodged against the sides at a great height from the bottom. The bridge itself is of difficult approach, and the bottom of the fissure is inaccessible."

"Oh, yes; now I remember to have read of it."

a momentary scarcity of money is the issuing of paper

as a substitute, particularly to an amount beyond what can be upon demand converted into cash, for this kind of circulating medium, cannot be, only worth as much as can be realized from it in gold and silver, hence it should ever be founded upon a firm specific basis. To show the folly of such a course, we need only refer to the Continental paper issued by the American Congress during the Revolution, or to the French Assignats urged upon the people by Mirabeau and his associates for the sole purpose of enriching themselves to the great distress of their then bleeding country. The assignats were kept in circulation for a time by the violence of Robespierre and such kindred spirits as reviled with him in his scenes of bloodshed and assassination, but when Providence rid that unhappy country of those tyrants, this paper currency fell a dead weight upon the hands of the French people, and need I say to their almost ruined distress?

But why refer to the history of other countries or go back in our own to so remote a period, to prove the evils arising from the over issue of paper money, when the every day experience of all has forced the facts upon them in a manner not to be misunderstood. It has shown to them clearly that something must be done, and that speedily, or this whole nation will be thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion, such as no nation has ever witnessed or experienced from an ill regulated currency.

Our present system of Banking tends to foster, in fact is the only creating hand of these wild scenes of speculation with which our country is so often deluged, impoverished, and disgraced, sustaining them no longer than till their victim has approached the verge of ruin, the very precipice of destruction, then for self preservation the Banks withhold their sustenance and let the speculator fall, nay, plunge into the gulf of irretrievable ruin, wide open to seize him, never again to rise; and with him fall others, both rich and poor, who have been drawn into his vortex by the splendor of his career, the halo of his momentary glory, and have shone as many stars twinkling around the resplendent orb of night. But the tempest comes, the dark and fearful clouds of distress have overspread the fair sky of their now past hopes, and they are forever hidden from an eager and wondering world, to be lost only as those that were, but are not.

This same system, while it encourages speculation, does not fail to encourage indolence, extravagance, and a long train of woes, that are walking "hand in glove," through this country, putting a blush upon the fair cheek of honest industry, and causing modest economy to retire upon their licentious and ravaging approach. Morality, though stern in her aspect, loses her wonted superiority, is forced to yield the palm, deserts her throne, and hides herself among the weak and lonely few, mourning over her fast falling subjects, and at the rapid strides of the tyrant of dissipation and debauchery wielding his tremendous influence, being backed and supported by the monied aristocracy, and the monied institutions of the country, all gathering around them the robe of self-styled *decency*, and who look down from high places, from thrones of paper money upon the lowly in life, the honest laborer as composing the vulgar herd, the rabble, the leveling, agrarians, and loco-socos of the land.

Having drawn out my letter to an unusual length and not having finished what I intended to write you upon this branch of my subject, I will close by promising to renew it in my next.

Yours truly, Trouous.

The Boston Herald—a neutral paper in politics—contains the following paragraph:

"Some of the political papers are endeavoring to show that the present trouble, and likelihood of war with England, is occasioned by the administration, for the sake of distracting the public attention from their 'malpractices'—and that the President desires war, to advance himself!—The political papers have advanced some preposterous arguments, but this beats all;—at the same time they acknowledge that they *cannot see* how any benefit can be derived from a war by the administration!

We are glad to see that some even of the most violent opponents of the administration have good sense enough to scot at the idea, and give the President credit—as he certainly deserves—of having acted throughout this whole controversy in a patriotic and noble manner!"

The Salem Gazette says: 'the more the idea of a war between Great Britain and the U. S. is pondered, the more absurd & impossible it seems.' It may be 'absurd' enough; but as for being 'impossible,' that is all nonsense. We have had two wars with England—we have given her a breakfast and dinner, and she now calls for supper.—If we must give her that also, let it be such an one as will stay in her stomach.—*Bost. Times.*

The whigs in this State appear to be very fond of poetry about these things. There are two lines, written by one Lord Byron—who was not comparable, to be sure, to Wm. Hayden, but who was still something of a poet,—which we commend to their especial attention. They were written a short time previous to his lordship's death; when the spirit of prophecy must have been strong upon him. Here they are:—

"Naught permanent among the human race,
Except the whigs NOT getting into place."

Nantucket Islander.

"When a whig tells you that there were no financial troubles under the U. S. Bank, show him Messrs Clay and Webster's speeches in 1824, and see if a bite of the same dog doesn't cure him. Try it.—*Columbian Register.*

The whigs but a large quantity of sanguinaries in their 'hard cider,' which now fangs on effervescence beautifully, but before dog-days arrive reversed their opinion of the two candidates before them? We see no evidence of it. We believe that Mr. Van Buren is at this moment

From the Eastern Argus. The Boundary Question!

Some few of the Federal papers, which have heretofore been open-mouthed against Mr. Van Buren for his alleged timeliness and moderation upon the Boundary question, have now turned round and accused him, simply upon the strength of Mr. Forsyth's recent communication, of a desire for the sake of securing his re-election, to plunge the country needlessly into a War. These papers seem all at once to have discovered that there is no ground of war whatsoever—that the rights of Maine are not at all worth fighting about at present—and that the settlement of the Boundary Controversy is a matter of very little consequence compared with the election of Grannam Garrison to the Presidency! Although a few months ago, they thought the subject had then been negotiated beyond all human patience, and that the Administration was the most rashly in the world for not compelling its adjustment even by force of arms, they now roll up their eyes in holy astonishment that the President should even intimate the possibility of hostilities about it! Oh, the baseness of factious politicians!

A year ago, every body in the opposition ranks was decimating against Government, because it suffered the question to linger longer in controversy. "Take possession of the Territory at once," was the general cry, and if England afterwards chooses to fight for it, why let her come on, that's all!" So much did the Federalists then affect the desire for War, that they gave vent to the most bitter complaints, because Gov. Fairfield consented to withdraw our troops from the Aroostook after they had accomplished the purpose for which they were sent there. The movement was ridiculously enough called "backing out," and the whole expedition as having done no good. Just as if there was any sense in keeping troops under pay for nearly purpose whatever!—Nothing, however, would satisfy the opposition according to their own protestations, but "regular built fighting"—they wanted a War!

Well, how stands the matter now? Why England has shown no more respect for the "agreement" of last year, than she had before exhibited for the treaty of '83. In violation of both these pledges, she has ventured to invade our territory, and insulted us with a demand to withdraw our own civil force. The President indignantly refuses compliance with her insolent demand, and in his turn requires the recall of her Majesty's troops from the soil of Maine and the suspension of all military operations upon the land in controversy. To this effect Mr. Forsyth writes the British Minister, expressing the full intention of the Authorities at Washington, to stand by the Boundary Rights of the State of Maine. And now is that letter responded to by these presses to which we have referred? Do they shout for joy at its magnanimous and decided tone? Do they congratulate the Union that its authorities have acted in a manner so consistent with its dignity and honor and have hurled back the haughty threats of an old and unscrupulous foe, with so much spirit and propriety? Do they, in a word, hail the appearance of a distinct issue upon the Boundary dispute, with gladness and satisfaction and rejoice that "negotiation" is likely at last to give way to action? Oh, no! nothing like it! They now shout against the President for being a fomenter of War! They denounce the Administration for desiring to purchase a continuance of power, by plunging the country into hostilities with England! "There is no necessity for war," they now cry out, "and the President only wants it for political effect—let the people rally for peace!" Oh! the rashness, we say again, of such factious politicians! What to them is patriotism, or honor, or right? They cried War! a few months ago, because it aided their party plans, and they cry Peace! now for the same reason. If their factious purposes could be aided thereby, they would to-morrow change their tune again, and throw up their caps for fighting. Such are the mean-spirited scoundrels who belong to the War party in Peace, the Peace party in War, and the fault-finding party always!

The CONVENTION.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Post, in speaking of the proposed National Convention says: I have taken much pains to ascertain what course the democratic party will generally pursue in relation to the Convention which New Hampshire first recommended to be held at Baltimore, in May. The conclusion is that no convention, which can be called National, will be held, and that so small a portion of the States will send delegates as to dispense with the attempt to organize a Convention.

PROBABLE LOSS OF THE SEA GULL.—The N. York Courier and Enquirer states that there is too much reason to apprehend that the pilot boat Sea Gull attached to the Exploring expedition, as tender to the United States sloop of war Vincennes has been lost, and that all on board perished.—She has not been heard of since the month of June last. Then she left Grange, Terra del Fuego, in company with the Flying Fish. A gale soon after arose and the latter succeeded in beating off the shore. This was the last seen of the Sea Gull. Lieutenants Reed, and Bacon, two promising young officers were on board. The former had been twice in search of her without success.—*Boston Times.*

Death of Captain Riley.—We regret to learn that Captain James Riley died on the 15th March, on board of his brig, the William Tell, bound to Mogadore, in the 63 year his age.

Captain Riley was extensively known in this country and in Europe, as the author of a personal narrative of great interest, connected with his shipwreck and captivity among the wild Arabs on the southern coast of Africa, and his extraordinary sufferings, perils and adventures.

John Bull, the greedy rascal, is encroaching on our territory beyond the Rocky Mountains. He won't be easy until we give him a regular trouncing.—*Portland Transcript.*

DIED.

In Hallowell, 8th inst. Dr. James Hinckley, aged about 70. In Winthrop, Jan. 25th, Mrs. Elizabeth Ladd, aged 83 years. Formerly of N. Hampshire. In Phillips, on the 8th inst. Asa Robbins Esq., aged 48 years.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

JACOB BROWN.

late of Paris in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

TIMOTHY GREEN, Esq., P. T. P.,

Paris, April 14, 1840.

The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the Estate of

LEWIS DREW,

late of Buckfield, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to

SAMUEL T. BROWN,

Buckfield, April 14, 1840.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—Turner.

NOTICE is hereby given to the nonresident proprietors of Oxford, in the State of Maine, that the same are taxed for County town and school district taxes in the amount committed to me to collect for the year 1839, by the assessors of said town which remains unpaid as follows:

No. of Lots No. of Acres Total Value, School dist. County and town tax, No. 13

Names and description, No. of Lots No. of Acres Total Value, School dist. County and town tax, No. 13

John Pearce, 142 25 60 76 70 95

John Keen, 146 48 80 95 95 95

John Hall, 214 34 300 342 72 414

Stephen Michel, 54 60 225 247 12 247

Joseph Bonney, 54 40 275 304 12 304

Benj. Head, 214 16 50 67 12 69

Robert Dunlap, 214 16 150 171 12 171

John Moody, 60 10 130 144 12 144

Hanover Keen, 80 30 308 342 12 342

Lemuel Nash, 41 60 100 114 12 114

Robert Thompson, 160 10 50 57 12 57

Benjamin Jenkins part of 150 150 171 do 171

Barnard Phipp family, 3 160 150 171 do 171

John Keen, 81 16 75 76 22 22

Chancey Bonney, 40 14 150 152 22 152

Unknown, 140 90 200 228 22 228

do 3 10 35 38 22 38

do 268 25 200 228 22 228

Names and description, No. of Lots No. of Acres Total Value, School dist. County and town tax, No. 13

Wally farm, 3 8 160 150 171 do 171

Benj. Kimball's heirs, 5 1 15 37 90 80 170

C. Powers, W. part, 1 9 60 40 95 115 213

Ira Johnson, 12 10 60 75 184 184

Unknown, 1 2 25 81 61 61

Haskins Mill, 1 7 37 20 45 45

Charlie Hale, 60 20 74 115 115

John Cogdon, 60 20 74 115 115

D. St. John, Ebenezer Steel, Guardian for John Abbot, Unknown, 7 10 60 75 184 184

Stone farm W. part, 185 150 1103 1103

Wm. C. Whitney, 185 150 121 121

W. C. Whitney, 6 14 82 45 121 121

W. C. Whitney, undivided 1/2, 12 12 160 10 25 19 19

Ruth Chad, 11 13 80 12 29 29

Eliza's farm, 12 3 160 75 184 184

Sam'l. Wheeler farm, 50 50 123 123

Abner F. Knight west part, 8 8 35 50 123 123

Joseph Atherton South part, 7 13 70 50 123 123

Nath. Pride, Potter Stand, Sampson & others S. part, 1 2 50 123 123

Unknown, 12 1 160 20 49 49

do W. part, 12 5 36 20 49 49

Sarah B. Swan, 1 3 D. Swan, 30 25 58 58

C. F. Jones, 11 11 120 25 61 61

Plummer & Powers, 14 160 100 245 36 475

Wm. Warren 2d, & S'm'l. Warren 2d, 80 62 152 143 295

MOSES YOUNG, Collector, Waterford March 15, 1840.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

SARAH BARTLETT, Administratrix of the Bartlett late of Rumford in said County, deceased, gave her third account of administration of said estate.

Ordered, That the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-sixth day of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge, Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty.

LUCAS BROWN, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Richard F. Waterford, in said County, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

Ordered, That the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the twenty-sixth day of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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A Good Riddle.

"There was once, you know, a King of Castile called Don Alonso the learned; and truly I think he was more learned than wise, for he had the presumption to say, that his counsel had been taken at the creation of the world, he could have arranged things much more conveniently than we find them, and the ancient writings tell us that God punished him for his impiety with many and grievous afflictions in his old age. Well, Don Alonso was pricking on towards Aranda at the head of a troop of lancers, when darkness overtook him near the convent of San Millan De Cogollos. Of course, it was resolved, as of common accord, to demand hospitality of the good fathers of San Millan, and the party rode up to the gates, nothing doubting they should be cordially received, and should mend their repast by emptying a few of the wine-skins of the monastery. But when they arrived at the gate, and asked for admission, the porter surely bade them begone, supposing or pretending to suppose that they were a band of mountain outlaws come to rob the convent; and it was some time before Don Alonso's people could bring the friars to their senses, and procure admission within their walls; nor ever then, until the soldiers had begun to devise means of entering by force.

The King, by this, had fallen into a towering passion which it required all the obsequiousness of the Abbot, and all the hospitable attendance of his monks, to pacify and allay. But in discussing the contents of their cellar and larder, Don Alonso came to be somewhat mollified, and thus ended, with imposing on the monks such terms as none but a book-worm and stargazer like himself would have imagined."

"Father Cayetano," said he, "you or your people have done that which I might well visit upon you to your cost; but I feel inclined to admit your humble acknowledgements, and overlook your offence; and I will do so, provided you will be prepared on the morrow before I depart, to answer me four questions. You shall tell me how much the moon weighs; how many casks it would take to hold the sea; how much the King of Castle is worth; and what I am thinking of at the time; and woe betide you and your house, if you fail to answer me correctly to all these enquiries."

"Hereupon the old King retired to rest leaving the monks sorely puzzled by the questions which he had given them for meditation; for they had abundantly more wealth than wit. They pondered in vain upon the odd fancies of the King, and morning found them as ill prepared to solve the mysterious questions as when they were first pronounced. When honest Jose, the miller of the convent, came in the morning to leave them wherewithal to furnish for the royal table for breakfast, he found the monks full of trouble and dismay; and on learning the cause of alarm from the porter, he undertook to answer the King's questions, if they would permit him to assume the gown and tonsure. Father Cayetano saw not well what course to pursue; but reflecting, at length, that the miller was known for a shrewd and cunning varlet, and that, if he failed to satisfy the King, it might all be passed off as a matter of arraignment, he concluded to venture upon the expedient suggested by the miller. Jose, in fine, was carefully shaven, dressed in the garb of the order, and presented himself at the appointed time before Don Alonso.

"Well," says the King, "how much does the moon weigh?"

"A pound," replied the miller without a moment's hesitation.

"A pound," demanded the King; "how do you make that out!"

"Why," said Jose, "the moon has four quarters, all the world knows; and four quarters make but one pound; and if you think it weighs more you are welcome to send and have it weighed."

"The King was at a loss to know what to say at this; and so he proceeded to the next question,—"How many casks would it require to hold the sea?"

"Only one, to be sure," said Jose "provided it be large enough."

It was impossible to dispute this; so the King had no alternative for it, but to put his third question:—"How much am I worth?"

"How much is the King of Castile worth?"—said the miller:—"why twenty nine pieces of silver."

"Only twenty nine pieces of silver!"—cried the King, in a rage.

"Yes," said the miller, "for our Saviour was rated and sold for thirty; and I put you but one piece below our saviour."

"At this palpable evasion of his inquiry, the King began to laugh, and could do no less than put his last question:—"What am I thinking of at this moment?"

Hitherto Jose had received and answered the questions of the King with an air of mock dignity verging into broad humor; but he saw that the crisis was now at hand, and that it behoved him to take heed what he did; and it was in all humility that he replied:—"Senor, you are thinking I am the Abbot Cayetano."

"To be sure," said the King; "and who else should you be? And seeing you have answered my four questions, I suppose I must be as good as my word, and suffer your infidelity and laziness to go scot-free."

"At this, Jose fell on his knees at the feet of the King, and confessed the trick which the lured monks had fallen upon to escape from their embarrassment; and the King being highly amused by the whole affair, very freely pardoned the imposition, and took the witty miller into service; and Jose played his part so well in those times, when blows were the current coin of all castile, that some thirty or forty years afterwards the house of San Millan, in considera-

tion of a welcome addition to their glebe and vineyard, performed a bounteous allowance of masses for the spiritual repose of Don Jose de la Molina."

THE FEDERALISTS AND THE LABORERS.

In the year 1834—the panic year—a number of laborers at Thompsonville, in this State, declared they would no longer labor for their employers without an advance of their wages. They said their labor was not properly paid, and that others also, ought to be paid.

The whigs, in whose employ they were, seized these laborers, tore them from their families, and threw them into jail. Here they lay in prison among felons, and term after term were dragged into Court to defend themselves, for the crime of asking higher wages. These are facts which are in the recollection of all our citizens.

The federalists who imprisoned the laborers, and the whole party who went with them, in making it a crime to demand higher wages, are now just before election, concerned about the reduction of wages. Does any one misunderstand the object? Does any one believe that the rich employers are afraid they cannot pay their workmen sufficient compensation? The "operatives" as they call laborers in Europe—men without civil rights—who cannot vote—where the whole power is placed in the hands of the rich—where labor is regulated by law—laws made by the employers, to oppress the employed; have merely a bare subsistence given them. If they demand more, they are treated as the Federal nabobs of Thompsonville undertook to treat their laborers—as

Don Alonso's people could bring the friars to their senses, and procure admission within their walls; nor ever then, until the soldiers had begun to devise means of entering by force.

The King, by this, had fallen into a towering passion which it required all the obsequiousness of the Abbot, and all the hospitable attendance of his monks, to pacify and allay. But in discussing the contents of their cellar and larder, Don Alonso came to be somewhat mollified, and thus ended, with imposing on the monks such terms as none but a book-worm and stargazer like himself would have imagined."

The Thompsonville whigs cited the customs of Europe as justification and precedent for them—Labor in Europe is ground down into the dust, not by hard money, but by aristocratic wealth and power, and oppressive laws. There is an aristocratic feeling in this country, which is to be found among the whig employers—not among the democratic laborers. But the aristocracy are seeking that power may be put into their hands to take care of the democracy. The Banks want to take care of the people. The employers want to take care of the employed. The idle wish to take care of labor. The rich wish to take care of the poor.—*Hartford Times.*

HARD CIDER.—If there be any liquor more stupefying than another, it is "hard cider." It stupefies all mental and moral faculties, and makes the drinker lazy, senseless, cross and stupid. It is ten times worse than rum or whiskey. The Indians are noted for becoming intoxicated with it, and hence the expression "cross as an Indian." Yet this, the whigs admit, is General Garrison's favorite beverage, the liquor by which he is inspired. They are for a hard-cider government; a cross, stupid, idle, lazy, obstinate, sleepy, stultified administration. Heaven defend us from such a whig President!—*Post.*

A duel.—An Editor Fighting.—The Franklin Louisiana Republican says:—"By the steamboat A. Fuselier, which arrived here on Monday last, we learn that Mr. Carmack, one of the editors of the True American, and Mr. Harry, brother to Harry of the N. O. Academy, fought a duel on Saturday morning, in which the former was shot through the body, and the latter in one of his hands. We have not learned that either is dangerous.

"I'm working hard for you," as the new cider said to Gen. Harrison.

"I've got three nurses," as the General said to the milk-man, when he called at the "log cabin," to leave a pint of milk.

NEW SPRING GOODS JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON BY

ELI HOWE,

CONSISTING of Blue, Blue-Black, Brown, Claret, Indigo, Olive-Brown, and mixed.

BROADCLOTHES CASSIMERES

and

Satinets, Buckskin and Buffalo Cloths.

—Also—

A good assortment of Cloths for Summer wear. Superior Black and Blue-Black Silk Velvet.

Silk, Silk Satin, Marcella white, Buff and figured Vestings.

SILKS FOR DRESSES.

A prime assortment of English, French and American Mourning and selected Prints from 7 cents to 37 1/2 cents.

Ladies Worsted and Cotton Hoses. Kid and Silk Gloves, Florence and eleven braid Bonnets. Figured Satin and White Flounce, Ribbons, Fancy, Flag, Holes &c.

Corded and Jaconet Muslin, Lawns and Cambric, Lace Thread, and Black Silk Edging and Insertions.

A prime assortment of Kid Slippers of all sizes.

One case of Brush Hats, also Cloth Caps of various and the most recent fashions.

Gents Kid and Buck-Skin Gloves a prime assortment. Also Indirubber and Worsted Suspenders.

Sheeting and Shirting bleached and unbleached and also striped shirtings, Drills, &c. A large assortment of W. T. GOODIES, likewise Crochet Gloves and Hand Wears.

All of which will be sold as cheap for Cash, country produce or approved credit, as can be purchased in this vicinity.

Paris-Hill, April 13, 1840.

NOTICE.

THIS may certify that I have this day given to my son, John A. Buck, a minor his time, with power to act and trade for himself until he shall be twenty years of age, I shall claim none of his earnings nor any debts of his contracting after this date.

AUSTIN BUCK,
Norway April 10th 1840.

Caution.

WHEREAS I, the subscriber, have contracted with the Overseers of the Poor of the Town of Waterford to support Consider Hill, his wife and four minor children, paupers of said town, for one year from the date hereof, and have made suitable provisions for them at my house; I therefore hereby caution all persons from furnishing said Hill or his family with any supplies at the charge of the town of Waterford, for no debt of his contracting subsequent to this date will be paid either by me or the inhabitants of said town.

LUTHER HOUGHTON.

Waterford, April 11th, 1840.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ME.

PURSUANT to warrants to be directed by Alanson Mellen, Esq., Treasurer of the County of Oxford, requiring me to collect the same assessed in the County Tax for the year 1833, 1834, 1835, 1837, 1838 and 1839 in the following described townships or tracts of land situated in said County, (when the tax was assessed) not taxable by the Assessors of any town or plantation, which remain unpaid as follows, viz:—

Andover Surplus, West.	Tax for the year 1836.	\$3 45
do	do 1837.	3 75
do	do 1838.	2 75
do	do 1839.	1 75
North half Township No. 2, 1st Range, do 1836.	1 23	1 23
do	do 1837.	1 84
do	do 1838.	4 41
do	do 1839.	4 81
North half " 1, 6th " do 1836.	2 36	2 36
do	do 1837.	3 24
do	do 1838.	3 51
do	do 1839.	3 69
South half " 6 " do 1837.	1 87	1 87
do	do 1838.	1 95
do	do 1839.	2 06
Part of Township Letter C, do 1834.	1 20	1 20
do	do 1835.	1 75
do	do 1836.	1 95
do	do 1837.	1 95
do	do 1838.	1 95
do	do 1839.	1 95
10th of Township Letter G adjoining D do 1836.	1 60	1 60
do	do 1837.	2 81
do	do 1838.	3 06
do	do 1839.	3 22
8th of Township No. 4, 2d Range, do 1836.	1 23	1 23
do	do 1837.	3 06
do	do 1838.	3 27
do	do 1839.	3 22
Whole of " 1st " do 1836.	1 23	1 23
do	do 1837.	3 27
do	do 1838.	3 22
do	do 1839.	3 22

And unless paid taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Monday the eleventh of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said land will then be sold at Public Vendue, at the Court House in Paris in said County as will be necessary to satisfy said taxes and charges.

Dated at Paris, this eighth day of March, 1840.
PHILIP CLARK, Sheriff of Oxford.

ON THE SMALL POX.

To the Citizens of Boston & State of Massachusetts.

SMALL POX is an complaint most attendant on childhood than at any other time of life; the human species, however, is subject to it at any period of existence. The cause of this disease does really consist in a portion of the worst kind of humor having become mixed with the circulation of the Blood, either from contagion or otherwise. It is this humor which produces shivering, fever, heatiness, weariness, and pain all over the body, because the circulation is impeded, and its natural course disordered by the bad humor. This is the first period.

The Blood, in this case, as well as in all other appearance of disease, fights against these impurities, and carries them to the capillary vessels in order to cause an eruption now, that is to draw out these humors. This is the second period.

The skin is covered with pustules (matter vesicles) in more or less quantity according to the previous healthy or unhealthy condition of the body. After these pustules come out, the fever subsides, and in about ten or twelve days dry off and fall into the third period.

The Small Pox is deadly or mild, according to the malignity of the contagion or the bad nature of the humors of the patient; if he was sickly before, and his humor in a corrupt state, he is infinitely more exposed to danger than if he had enjoyed perfect health before the attack; for the blood being weighed down by the previous corrupt state of the humors, has not the power to resist the disease—and in this case the result must, therefore, be fatal. This period is the most dangerous, and preventive care has been employed.

The third period cannot take place in consequence of the small pox having the power to throw the humors out, as to

prevent the Preventive Course.

When the contagion has spread in the City or Country, the sooner every one commences purifying his body by purgation, the better, and should any of the above symptoms present themselves, the better it is to apply the Purgative Pill, which is believed to produce powerful evacuation, supposing that the fever arose not out of the Small Pox, the patient will get rid of the disease, but will be sickly for a long time. At the second period, and while the fever continues, even if the variolous eruption takes place, the Piles must be continued so as to produce good evacuation daily.

The course will not only insure the life of the patient, but will also prevent his being made much worse, provided that the course is not too severe.

By thus evacuating the excessive serosity of the humors which produce heat in the skin and cause such excessive itching, the eruption will leave no marks upon the skin, and the patient cured by this practice, will not be exposed to the different inconveniences which are so often the consequences of this disease.

If the principle of purgation were well understood no one would be afraid of the Small Pox any more than of a common cold. There would be no inoculation or vaccination either—people would be too wise then, they would know that all the disease would be removed EFFECTUALLY and without danger by simply evacuating the bowels and thus purifying the blood until the disease was cured. Three or four days of this practice, however, would be sufficient to remove the disease, but it would be necessary to continue it for perhaps years, if it did not produce any benefit.

This certificate is renewed yearly, and, when over twelve months old it no longer guarantees the genuineness of the medicine.

It would be well, therefore, for purchasers to carefully examine the Certificate. The seal is not wax, but embossed.

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